

THE FRESHEST AND DAINTEST OF TOILETS.

IN FEMININE FIELDS.

FANCIES, FADS AND FASHIONS FOR THE LADIES.

The Art of Taking Pictures-Jane Eldridge Writes of Love. The Vienna Twist in Favor-Care of the Trails.

LENTEN MEDITATIONS.

See the Lenten maid demure, With her earnest face and pure, And that transcendental, tender smile upon it; As to mass she wends her way,

Prayer-book, cross and rosary. She is meditating on her-Easter bonnet. See her kneel before her pew

Lift her eyes, so heavenly blue, To the altar with the decorations on it; Nee her scan the service page With the air of saint and sage, As she fondly dwells upon her-Easter

See her to confession go, With a step sedate and slow, Beek the penitential stool and kneel upon

Hear her "fess" all sorts of sins, Sized from elephants to pins, Still cogitating on her-Easter bonnet,

Let the pretty maid alone, She is giddy-that we'll own, But she's innocent-I'll stake my life

Let her choose 'twixt flowers and wings, Fancy pins or velvet strings. For what is spring without the-Easter bonnet?

THE STORY OF MEG.

Meg was the daughter of the rector of Meg was the daughter of the rector of Nunthorpe, Mr. Thirlwall, with whom I went to study before college, when I was a lad of eighteen. He was not in the least a typical rector, being a scholar rather than a clersyman; and Meg was still less like the typical rector's daughter. She did not visit the poor of the parish. She had always left all that to Mrs. Pryde, who was the prop of the church in Nunthorpe, and whom Meg hated for reasons.

church in Nunthorpe, and whom Meg hated, for reasons.

"She is setting her hideous cap with primrose ribbons at my father," she said. "But she shan't have him—I'll die first!" It was characteristic of Meg that she mentioned Mrs. Pryde's intentions to me on the second day of my abode there. Most girls would have waited to see if I was to be trusted, but this did not seem to occur to Meg. She treated me as a comrade at once—at first with a little air of good-humored patronage because I was comrade at once—at his with a fitte and of good-humered patronage because I was a year younger than she was, but this was replaced by a slight awe when she found that I was what she called "aw-

ly clever. Father "Father will enjoy having you to coach," she said candidly. "All the other boys who came have been such idios. They came to him to be done cheap, and he couldn't afford not to take them. You he couldn't afford not to take them. You won't be nearly so much trouble, and yet you're paying more. I think I shall like you, but you won't like me, because I'm not a bit clever. I'm fonder of novels than anything. Have you read 'Cometh up as a Flower?' That's what I've got out of the library now, Isn't it lovely? And I like poetry. I'm reading Browning's poems. There's 'The Cry of the Children,' but I haven't got very far."

"I like Robert Browning best," said I,

"I like Robert Browning best," said I, ather priggishly perhaps, but I was very oung at the time. "Do you know any of 'No," replied Meg. 'This is Elizabeth

"No," replied Meg. This is Enladedn something. Who was Robert Browning? Her father? Did he write books, too." In truth, Meg's education had been singularly neglected, though she had been to a boarding school somewhere or other, which had left her mad much as it found it. But soon I ceased to attach any im-

t soon I ceased to attach any in-te to her want of information, never embarrassed her in the portance to her want of information, which never embarrassed her in the slightest degree. She seemed to me to have what was better—a touch of genius, or at all events a curious wild charm of her own that would make her remembered when wiser people were forgotten. It betrayed itself most, perhaps, in her playing and singing. She had Irish blood in her veins, and she used to sing those sad old trish melodies in a way that thrilled one through and through. I do not often think of Meg now, but sometimes I dream of her, and nearly always she is singing one of those ecrie songs.

I may say at once that I never fell in love with Meg, nor she with me. Though only eighteen, I was very much in love already, and I never could be in love with two or three girls together, like the hero of a modern novel. Meg, for her part, was also otherwise involved, as will appear, and so we got on splendidly.

I don't know whether she was handsome. I only know that she had wonderful dark eyes—the saddest I have ever seen. Yet she was not sad when I first knew her, but, as a rule, brimful of life and gayety. Occasionally, to be sure, there were fits of wild degression, but these only seemed a natural reaction after her exuberant high spirits. And ad as her eyes were, there was generally a glint of humor in them, like a sunbeam caught in the dépths of a gray agate.

It was not long before I learnt Meg's

a glint of humor in them, like a sunbeam caught in the depths of a gray agate. It was not long before I learnt Meg's secret, by something in her face whenever Mr. Weston was mentioned. Being in love myself, I could tell the signs. The Rev. Marcus Weston was Mr. Thrilwall's curate for the present, being a man who in the nature of things would not be a curate long. But he was a man who in the nature of things would not be a curate long. But he was a friend of the former curate's, and had come partly to supply his place, partly because the air of Nunthospe was just beginning to be celebrated, and Weston was not a strong man. There could not have been two people more hopelessly dissimiliar than Meg and he. He was gentle and sympathetic, far beyond the majority of men; yet under it all there was a kind of hardness that did not exist in Meg's nature—so much wilder and more wayth. He did not first with the was a kind of hardness that do not have a nature—so much wilder and in Meg's nature—so much wilder and more unruly. He did not first with the girls in the usual manner, but talked to them about the infinite spiritual possibilities that lay before them. He believed in every one; every one believed in him more or less. I believed in him less; but Meg-she had never been talked to in that way before. He filled her brimful of espirations to lead a higher life. He lent her "Robertson's Sermons," and made her sing hymns to him in the twilight. It was all very well, only Meg's ardor was rather chilled when she realized that he did the same to other girts. She believed in him, nevertheless-indeed, worshiped him, in a singularly generous way. He was a saint-hardly a man at all. If he ever married, it must be some angelic being, certainly to no girl in Nunansette being, certainly to no girl in Nun-thorpe—not even Celia Doone, who was pretty and plous, but had a spice of placid wirldliness about her that Meg's keen eyes detected.

All the same, she clid not like to meet Celia, Doone so often carrying bunches

All the same, she cld not like to meet Celia Doone so often carrying bunches of grapes to old women out of her father's green-house, for Mr. Doone was a really rich man, not only rich for Nunthorpe, and Celia could take round grapes and hot-house flowers to her heart's content. Among them they mere quite superseding Mrs. Pryde. With a curate like Marcus Weston it is not long before all the girls gravitate to sick visiting. Meg did not.

Weston it is not long before all the girls gravitate to sick visiting. Meg did not. The others did it so much better, and she had no money to buy grapes.

"And I'm not good enough," said she. "Cella reads to them psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and I can't. I was good a whole day together after the sermon one Sunday night, but I was all the worse the next day. It's three years since I was confirmed, and I though! I was always going to do right. It was the loveliest old bishop, and I'd a white India muslin, and the tears came rolling down my cheeks all the while it lasted. I never cried so much in my life. And then, if you'll believe me, as soon as I sot home and it was tea time, the tears all dried up somehow. I was just as hearters as home." all dried up somehow. I was just as hungry as a hunter."

"I think it's this hard, wicked heart of "I think it's this hard, whered neart of mine," she went on reflectively after a pause. "It won't break, or melt, or anything. When I kneel down to pray it starts me thinking about everything else in the world. Father says my nature's undisciplined. I know I'm madder than the grading man, and deafor than the the raving man and deafer than the

Meg had a way of mixing up hymns and verses of scripture with her conversation—often quite unconsciously. She said, and I believed her, that it was with going to church twice every Sunday since she was six years old. I do not think that she ever meant to be irreverent, but frequently one could not help laughing. Laughed now, and so did she, though the tears had slowly gathered in her eyes at the sense of her own shorther eyes at the sense of her own short-

"Fancy calling the sea deaf," she exd presently in quite a different "He rears everything. Come out on the rocks, Jack, there's a good boy. You've studied enough for one day. Throw away that old Greek grammar-I

I obeyed her gladly enough, for my love of the shore was nearly as strong as her own. Not quite, mayor—I never knew any one who loved the sea quite so well as Meg. She did not in the least mind getting wet. She liked to sit on 'he edge of a rock and feel the spray splash over her. To be sure, poor child, she very seldom had on "anything that would

wish I was good, though," she said wistfully when we rerched the shore. She had taken up her position on a fa-vorite rock, and was dipping her slim,

vorite rock, and was dipping her slim, brown fingers into a poel of salt water.

"Why?" I asked. "I don't."

"That's because you are not good yourself," said Meg promptly. "You're only clever—at least, you are good, but you're not good," she explained lucidly. "You don't like going to church. You wouldn't wish to be always there, like the hymn rays. I think of you when it comes to 'the pride of intellect' and 'O, foolish Galatians'. But I should like to be good; and being a rector's daughter makes it worse than ever. I wish—I wish I was good. I think—neople would think I was good, I think-people would think more of me."

You mean Mr. Weston would," I suggested. "But he wouldn't like you better,

She flushed. Meg flushed so rarely that It meant a good deal with her. Her com-plexion was not her strong point. She was pale, rather sallow; but when she met, or spoke of, Mr. Weston, I used to see a lovely carmine come into her checks-a color that nothing else ever called up

"Mr. Weston is nothing to me-that is, I am nothing to him," said Meg seriously. "The chrism is on his head; on mine

the daw. I'm not so sure about that," I said rather snatpishly, drawing my own con-clusion from the fact that Meg had been studying the Portugueze Sonnets, 'I don't altogether believe in your Mr. Weston, Meg-that is-

Meg that is—
But I had said too much already. Meg
rose with her eyes flashing.
You needn't think that because I am
not good I have no faith in goodness,"
she exclaimed. "You carry your sneers
too far, Jack. You would sneer at the
very aposities and marryrs themselves."

**Transfer and marryrs themselves."

Apostles and martyrs! Ah, well! I walked home with her, silent and repentant, serry that I had hurt her, but more sorry that she had hurt herself. It reemed to me a hopeless prespect, I fancied that Weston, under all his ardor and generous sentiment, bad a definite notion of making his way in the church and would look higher than a poor clergy man's daughter, even if Meg had been

likely in other respects to make an ideal pastor's wife, which she undoubtedly was But Meg and I could not quarrel long. We had only each other to talk to, and I managed to restore her faith in my faith in Mr. Westen, so that the next evening we were out on the rocks ence more, as good friends as ever. As luck would have it, we met him at the gate as we came back. I did not see him for some time after Meg had done, being shortsighted, but I saw her holst her colors and divined that he was coming. She looked particularly lovely that night, and he gave a curious startled glance at her. My heart began to beat faster; perhaps he was really in love after all, and would READING MATTER FOR THE WOMEN.

"The Woman's Duty, as a Member of the Commonwealth, is to Assist in the Ordering, in the Comforting, and in the Beautiful Adorament of the State; What the Man is at His Own Gate, Defending it, if Need Be, Even to the Spoiler, to do His More Incumbent Work There; and, in Like Manner, What the Woman is to Be Within Her Gates, as the Centre of Order, the Balm of Distress, and the Mirror of Beauty; That She is to Be Without Her Gates,

> Where Order is More Difficult, Distress More Imminent, Loveliness More Rare. The Path of a Good Woman is Indeed Strewn With Flowers, But They Rise Behind Her Steps, Not Before Them."

give up his dream of a bishopric for Meg's

He wanted music so she took him into the little drawing-room and sang to him.

I went up into my room and professed to work; but through my work I heard the songs, and between them the murmur of voices. By and by the music stopped altogether, and the voices went on. Meg's. usually loud and clear enough, was hushed to-night. It sounded reverent. I fancied. At last I heard Mr. Thirlwall open the drawing-room door and I went down stairs.

"What, no lights?" he was saying in his kind, patient voice, for indeed it could only be termed twilight now by

"I like singing in the dusk best, father,"

said Meg.

She did the honors of the supper table that night—for Mr. Weston stayed to supper—with a shy grace that was new to me; and I did not wonder that he found it irresistible. He looked like a man who was letting himself drift.

He spoke little to Meg, however. They had done erough talking before the lamps were lift. He talked enthusiastically to Mr. Thirlwall about the true mission of the church, and Meg listened with glowing eyes. One could almost watch those infinite possibilities growing as one looked at her. What a hero the man seemed to her! what a saint! Poor Meg! poor Marcus!

into the garden, and I followed her.

"Jack," she said suddenly, and I knew
she was trembling, "do you think I could
ever grow good—if I tried, prayed, ever
so hard? Not so good as other people,

but good for me?"
She was so terribly in earnest—it was strange for Meg to be so much in earnest—that I believe I was glad it was pretty dark, so that she could not see my face

"I think you are good as people go," I said.

said.

"That's nonsense, Jack," Meg replied, with a prompt return of the old temper.

"You know quite well that I am worse than other girls, and when I would do good evil is present with me. And there are girls, like Celia Doone, who never do wrong; full of good works and almsgivings, and an heiresa. And oh, what a complexion!" cried Meg, as if there the sting came in.
"Yes," I said, sincerely enough, "but

she's not half as nice as you are, after all. She's so wooden."

"That's because you're wicked you like me best," said Meg, drearily. "But no one good could ever really, really like any-

There was a question in her voice, and I answered it rather fiercely.

"You are thinking of a particular person," I said. "And that person does care for you, Meg, and not for Celia Doone. All the same, I shouldn't be surprised to hear of his being engaged to Celia one of these fine days."

I should not have spoken so strongly, but lately I had heard rumors that I fancied had not reached Meg's ears, and wanted to put her on her guard. But she fired again, which was certainly

natural.

"How dare you say such things, Jack? I won't listen to you. If he does—it will be because he loves her. I—I think it would be better, only—O, me'' She turned and ran into the house. I heard one sob as she went. Still, I was glad I had spoken out. Meg wasn't a girl to imagine things, and I knew that matters must have gone pretty far that night. Of course, if he meant to ask her to marry him, well and good. But I hardly thought he did.

An Old Love Letter.

The flying years, the silent years, Swept o'er this safely hidden page, Till Time, that deep-sunk mystery, clears, Gives me the dateless heritage. Where beat the heart, where burnt the

brain,
That all this pain and passion felt?
On leaves defaced by mould and stain,
The secret of a life is spelt.

Why rashly lift, why rudely rend The softening veil that Death and Time, Conspiring Life with Art to blend, Have hung between her soul and mine? Enough to know, enough to feel, That one immortal bliss endures:

love these ardent words reveal May haply mirror mine-or yours.
--Margaret Crosby.

ART OF PICTURE TAKING.

"Enid" Relates Her Experience Therein.

Yes, I bought one, I don't know what made me do it, but I suppose we all have our moments of mental derangement, made me do it, but I suppose we air have our moments of mental derangement, at least, I hope you do, it would be such a comfort to me. I had only iffeen dollars, but it was not "in my inside pocket." Being a woman I carried it on the street in my purse, which I held in my hand, but at home I always locked it up. Weil! I saw this camera in the window, and by its side was a card stating jist how many thousands had been made with "one just like it." If I had been at an auction I could not bave lost my head and money more quickly. I paid down the price and had it sent home, so on the next day I could start on the making of my fortune. My first experiments were on my friends and various were the attitudes they assumed. The girls would fix their bangs, put their hats on one side and gaze heavenwards. They did look so sweet and Madonna-like, while the men would stick cigarettes in the corners of their mouths and look stern and noble, or the men would sit in chairs, that gentlementy stick cigarettes in the corners of their mouths and look stern and noble, or the men would sit in chairs, that gentlemenly and polite position, while the girls stood behind them, their hands resting on their shoulders. But at last even these descendants of Job revolted and I had to look for new models. I photographed my sister's "Special," but after I had presented him with the likeness he said he would never come again, as we evidently had designs on his life. After this failure, my next efforts were to induce the family to have their pictures taken. I told them sad and thrilling stories about mothers losing their only children and wives their last husbands, and after the dear ones had departed, finding they had no likeness of them, and the only things they were remembered by was an old shoe or a ciay pipe. Yet, straige to say, although I used the same tragic tone and told them it would only cost fifty cents, they were moved even more than I had anticipated, for one by one they filed out of the room, leaving me to my own sad thoughts. But it is not only virtue, but also patience for one by one they filed out of the room, leaving me to my own sad thoughts. But it is not only virtue, but also patience that has its own reward, and my drooping spirits were wonderfully revived one day when an old woman ingeniously disguised as an angel gave me two dollars for one picture. The picture was of my mother, but when developed one side of her face refused to "show up," and I had thrown it aside when this old creature saw it and took a fancy to it. She said it reminded her of her dear creature saw it and took a fancy to it. She said it reminded her of her dear father (he had died of leprosy, poor man), so, as sentiment ought never to sell cheaply, we made the above bargain. But, as we grow oider, our minds atrengthen, our characters form, and our notions change. We lay aside the follies of other years, and smile in an affable way (a smile not entirely devoid of sadness) at the "weaknesses" of our younger days. Yet let this be a warning to those who buy an outfit with an eye to those who buy an outfit with an eye to financial success, but get one, simply for sweet pleasure's sake. Alas! my own camera stands literally on its "last legy with its "face turned towards the wall." ENID.

The nail uncared for receives very little more edium in these days than the over-cared for nail. It is no longer any better

taste to go about with nalls glowing with the red saive of the toilet table than it is to have cheeks bright with the brightness of rouge. Neither are nails any longer polished to the brilliancy of isinglass. The natural gloss is maintained, but not heightened.

Manicure sets, accordingly, are somewhat simplified, and are not bought as sets at all. Better implements are obtained by huying them separately. A pair of nail scissors, a fine jeweler's file, a chamois pad, an emery board for smoothing the undersurface of the nail and a box of nogaline for healing the soreness caused by loosened cuticle comprise the necessities.

The Easter parade this year will be of more intense interest to womankind than it has been for years. No sooner

THE WOMANOF FASHION

brim, the graceful, drooping, curling brim, than which, after all, there is nothing prettler. One of these is of pale-colored straw, has the brim faced with dahlia-colored velvet, has the low crown banded with wide lace insertion, has three dama velvet knots at the back, has a cluster of white narcissi in the front, lying beneath dahlia Prince of Wales tips that stand proudly and protectingly above.

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Entre WOMANOF FASHION

The WomanoF FASHION

EASTER GARB.

How it Will Differ From the Parades

That Have Gone Before—All the Preparations Now Being Made.

The Easter parade this year will be of more intense interest to womankind than it has been for years. No sooner

A Flirt.

She's just a flirt, a gay coquette,
As heartless as she's charming.
It pleases her if she can get
A man entangled in her net
Of witching, wasting wiles, and yet
She has no thought of harming.
She seems as innocent of guile
As any saintly Quaker;
And yet she snares men with her s

As any santly Quaker:
And yet she snares men with her smile,
And plays with their despair a while.
Then throws them off in such a style,
Sometimes I'd like to shake her! Yes, she's a filtt, and you can guess
Just how her conduct strikes me.
And yet such witching loveliness
As hers was meant. I'm sure, to ble
And not to harm—and I'll confess
At times I think she likes me.

JANE ELDRIDGE ON LOVE. Peeping in at the Gate of Wifely Affection.

Rection.

Not wishing to stand proven one of the "fools who rush in where angels dare not tread," my purpose is not to knock at the portal of sacred mother love, but rather to peep in at the more carthly gate of wifely love—that feeling which keeps a woman unspotted from the world, even though she reigns a perfect queea in worldly life and the feverish struggle of society; or even though she be a plain every day little woman with the cares and problems of a bread-winner on her tired shoulders; if she has true wifely love and a very little bit of brains she will be pretty sure to do exactly the right thing at the right time.

This woman will not need an outsider to define her sphere in life; she defines it for herself. This age is calling for self-sustaining women; those not afraid to bend their satiny brows and think—think about her relation to her husband's financial success. A hig fraction of bank-rupt men fail on account of extravagant wives, who spend more than the men make. The result of a fashionable living out of a pitifully small salary is sure ruin. Is it wifety love to ruin husbands? That man knows what clog is on his wheels of success, and in his heart he almost hates the woman who thus holds him back in the race of business. Should not the love of husband and his welfare be dearer to wifely hearts than the latest carrice of fashion, as set forth by Worth, Pingat, Rodnetz, Donat and the rest of caprice of fashion, as set forth by Worth, Pingat, Rodnetz, Donat and the rest of them? What a hard thing it is for a woman to do—love a husband who is not woman to do-love a husband who is not a gentleman at home, though a perfect Chesterfield at the club, or anywhere outside! In assuming the role of husband, so many drop the character of lover. In this trial so many a brave, womanly heart had been utterly crushed. What hard battles they fight on this field, trying to keep love in their own hearts, God alone knows.

But now and again come sunshiny, hapty women, whose hysbands adore them.

But now and again come sunshiny, hap-ry women, whose husbands adore them. These women delight to tell how rude John is to visitors, simply because he is jealous and wants to have her all to him-self. She glories in the fact that his rela-tions, perhaps his mother or sister, are wild with envy because he no longer loves them. Is this wifely love or supreme selfishness? Is not love, like friendship, grafted on a firmer stock of family rela-tionship? Do you know the wife who is the most excellent housekeeper, but who the most excellent housekeeper, but who the most excellent floasex-eper, but who never has time to share with her husband an outing or a new magazine? Then the wife who is such a kind, attentive nurse, when the husband gets well again, she immediately assumes that not coolness which is a vertiable wet binnket to any affectionate advances. No sane person advocates "spooning," yet a timely, wifely kiss, an appreciative word often lighten dull spirits, and prove a courage-strengthener. If we would have affectionate gentlemen for husbands let

us then be loving, lady wives.

There are a few-say one dozen-women in the whole world who know how to talk and act towards all kinds and condition of men. Oh. for more of them! Oh, to b gay with the gay, silent when anyone else wants to talk, talkative with the sny, always good-tempered, sweet and loving, and even sympathetic! Oh, to be bright and witty and not to burn hearts or scorch sensitive feelings! Oh, for more loving women who can do something more than cling-ivy-like. The coming woman must have brains and independence to stand without her husband; but oh, so much happier to stand with him. It is true that woman, physiologically, have three ounces less brains than man, but she has fifty times as much affection. If that love is well directly and governed that love is well directed and solution, it will surely help on a higher civilization, a better social life, ennoble and make home a foretaste of Heaven; a home in which there will be at least, a shadow of that love is well directed and governed which there will be at least, a shadow of perfect "love which casteth out all fear.

Them Flowers.

Take a feller 'at's sick and laid up on the

shelf, All shaky and gainted and pore all so knocked out he can't handle hisself

With a stiff upper lip any more; Shet him up all alone in the gloom of a dark as the tomb, and as grim.

And then take and send him some roses in bloom,
And you can have fun out o' him!
You've ketched him 'fore now-when his

liver was sound And his appetite notched like a saw— 1-mockin' you, maybe, for romancin' round round
With a big posy bunch in yer paw;
But you ketch him, say, when his health
is away.
And he's flat on his back in distress.

And then you can trot out your little bokay And not be insulted. I guess! You see it's like this, what his weak-

Them flowers makes him think of the days is innocent youth and that mother

And the roses that she used to raise; so here, all alone with the roses you send, Bein' sick and all trimbly and faint-My eyes is-my eyes is-my eyes is-old

Is a-leakin'-I'm blamed of they ain't! The Vienna Twist.

The Vienna Twist.

Women who cannot wear the "bun" chignen are favoring the Vienna twist. You make it this way: First, have your fringo (or bangs) at least from four to six inches long, and curl it tightly. When you comb it out, comb from, not toward, your face, and gather all your hair into one tail, tying securely just above the nape of the neck. Then case out the hair over the crown, and wave it with the tongs. Twist the tail into a smooth rope, and loop it up, twisting the end around the ribbon and tying the hair above. Curl any short hair on the nape of the neck, and pin the bangs back into place with invisible hairpins. Some women add a twist of velvet with upright bows; others effect a wide fold of surah slik fastened around the coil and finished by a paste bucase.

than it has been for years. No sooner does a woman meet her dearest friend or most hated rival than she immediately rushes up to her and whispers, "How are you having your new gown made?" There has never been anything like it before-this absorbing question of how many yards around to make the Easter gown. "My dressmaker would insist upon it," says one in a great flutter, "and though I know I shall never dare to wear it, she has put the loveliest, biggest flare you ever saw on my dress. She says I would feel so old-fashioned on Easter, if it was the least bit smaller, and reduce it she would not. Won't you come over, girls, and see what you think of it?" So over the girls flock, think of it?" So over the girls flock, and on the dress goes, amid cries and exclamations of astonishment and ad-

Where is now the woman who Alas: Where is now the woman who vowed that, no matter what came, she would never, never take to crinoline? Would you find her? Just peep into that room and see a tall, majestic figure arrayed in a beautifully large, imposing gown, standing, half abashed but all complication. gown, standing, half abashed but all complaisant, before a tall mirror. Her resolution has gone to the winds, and were you to offer her now the most elegant bell in the world, with seft droop and fascinating cling, she would spurn your offer on the instant. No; woman cannot be depended upon. Stability she has not. She is indeed like the wave of the sea, driven by the wind and tossed.

But it is this very uncertainty that makes the topic of Easter costume of such supreme interest. For did we know just what our neighbor would wear, and were we certain that her neighbor would also be similarly clad, there would be not the slightest, excitement in the thought of

we certain that her neighbor would also be similarly clad, there would be not the slightest, excitement in the thought of seeing all the pretty, new things.

We know, however, that we can count upon the appearance that day of all the known styles, periods and reigns, and upon a few that are not known, save in the realm of dreams. A woman here and there, with the courage of her convictions, will walk forth with unruffled air, clad in a gown that is of the same width top and bottom. She will walk by the side of a woman who will occupy something like two or three times as much room, and there will be nothing like calm in the demeanor of the second woman, for she will rejoice in the fact that she is superior in all points of dress to her neighbor. I am afraid a little of the Easter joy may be crowded out of some women's hearts when they see something particularly grand which they have not; but let us hope that they will be generous enough to rejoice, on this day at least, in the bright robes of their sisters.

I shall tell you of but two Easter costumes to-day. They are both rather pre-

enough to rejoice, on this day at least, in the bright robes of their sisters.

I shall tell you of but two Easter costumes to-day. They are both rather premature for this early spring, but both very dainty and pretty. One is made of a pale, tawny brown, the faintest shade imaginable, and is dotted with a large flower pattern. It is modestly crinolined, and has two ruches shirred in the middle, made of thin crepe. One ruche is at the edge of the skirt, the other fully half way up. The ruche in the middle has an immense velvet bow at the side, a bow of seven loops and no ends; the loops are so long that they touch the lower crepe ruche. Above this big bow is a smaller one, more like a rosette, planted for apparently no purpose, right below the right hip. The bodice is very fussy. There is first, below a high standing collar of pearl embroidery, a pointed yoke of fine teasemented were to the constraint of the consequence of the resemented were the light delited. There is first, below a high standing collar of pearl embroidery, a pointed yoke of fine passementerie, wrought in light, delicate shades. Across this is drawn loose folds of crepe, crossing at the left side and caught with another velvet bow. Beneath is the tight-fitting bodice, belted in by a pretty cameo belt. The sleeves are not only soft puffs, but have an additional puff above, hanging loosely. The other gown is, if anything, more unique. It is made of that light, new blue shade, and the skirt has three small

shade, and the skirt has three small ruffles at the feet. All around the skirt are laid great leaves of lace, starting from the waist line about one inch wide, from the waist line about one inch wide, widening as they descend, until they are a goodly width when they reach the lower edge. The lace is most beautiful, fine and of exquisite design. The lace appears in the bodice as well, widening up from the waist line into smaller leaves, which lie over the large yoke, made of very fine silk shirrings. These shirrings very fine slik shirrings. These shirrings are of blue to match the gown, and over each one is laid a row of fine pearl trim-ming. The narrow belt is also pearl. The sleeves are very wonderful; the shirrings are so caught up that each division hangs over in a small ruffle or loose puff, and there are thirteen of these little puffs on

Want to hear about some more Easter

phase of fashionable social life in a big city so sadly perplexing as the strict and elaborate card etiquette at present ob-served. Very great stress is laid upon the receiving and distributing of these bits of pasteboard, and deflections from rules laid wn are regarded as proof of unpardonable ignorance.

Two inexcusable but very common affronts to form is for a man to have his name engraved simply "John Jones." Mr. should invariably precede it. The other blunder is for a young woman to forego the Miss. It has a bold, crude look to be set down as Mary or Nancy without the cour-tesy's prefix. A third stupid mistake often made is for a girl to have a card separate from her mother's. As long as Mary and Nancy are really youthful they should only appear under their mamma's wings on the appear under their minima s wings on the same square of pasteboard, a trifle lower down. If there are several sisters, then the older ones gradually graduate to having cards of their own, and the younger girls appear with manma's. So strictly is this rule observed by well informed persons that if two of the daughters are in society and two more are to be introduced as debutantes the cards go out, "Mrs. Jones," below, "Misses Jones," and still lower down "Misses Geraldine and Amethyst Jones," If under the chaperonage of a Jones." If under the chaperonage of a married woman, all the foregoing rules are carefully observed by young women.

When leaving a neighborhood for an ex-tended absence, P. P. C.'s are in order, and upon returning this simple visiting card is immediately posted. After a woman has met a man once or twice, it is customary to signify her willingness to have him call by sending her card. This is also done when she visits a strange city and happens to court acquaintances there of either Upon returning home in the autumn, after moving into a new house, in moments of rapture and in depths of despair the personal card is ever to the fore.

Those used by matrons are always slightly larger and thicker than the ones affected by maids, but all alike are written in de cidedly heavier lines than of old. Script of every description is bad form, and only the delicate copper plate can be tolerated by smart people. The old fashioned habit of bending a card through the center, or creasing its corners to signify for whom and how many a call was intended, is wretchedly bad style today. It is supposed that visit ors are superior to such small economics and are willing to honor each individual separately. A pretty and rapidly increasing custom is for those with a wide acquaintance to send especially designed cards for Christmas. For example, "Mr. and Mrs. Jones send Christmas greetings, 1892, to —," and engraved as the ordinary carte de visite, and then the name of Mr. and Mrs.

Brown or Robinson is written below. Men who observe the graceful ceremonies of society are as fastidious as women concerning a correct use of the card. elors very frequently have their favorite club address in the lower left hand corner as a residence or preferring it for a mail center. After receiving any special courte-sies from members of their own sex in a strange city, men always post a card upon leaving the place. There is one exception in the form, when calling upon a lady, for a man to send in his card in advance of his entrance. If it happens to be her day at home or a reception, he is simply an-nounced and on leaving the house deposits cards for the entire family with the butler. -New York Sun.

The Power of Beauty.

Seated in a broker's office on the second floor of a big business block in Broadway, near Trinity church, the writer became in terested and amused the other day watching the behavior of a stalwart policeman, whose chief duty for the time being was piloting women and old men safely across the crowded thoroughfare. The officer was full bearded and apparently past the meridian of life. His manner was at all times dignified, almost courtly, in fact. To each feminine appeal for assistance in getting across the street he responded politely and never negligently, but his method of excorting persons from sidewalk to sidewalk varied noticeably. For every young and attractive woman he had a gracious smile and a fatherly laying on of hands-that is,



SOME MORE EASTER BEAUTIES.

bonnets? You can make yourself perbonnets? You can make yourself perfectly bewitching in a small shape, that
has a brim just a few inches wide, which
must be turned up all around in irregular
curves; just in front the turned-up brim
must be bent into a small point, to give
a debonair effect. Then the shape must
be covered with black tulle, and the edge
tipped with tiny feather trimming. Right
in front of your hat must stand a single
full-blown rose, rather high, and a little
behind a few plumes.

Then, there is the hat with the genuine

ne would either grasp the young woman's arm, or else permit his gloved hand to rest gently on her shoulder as he accompanied her across the street. In no instance did he offer to touch an elderly er a very plain appearing woman. His stick, held out before him like a weather vane, was apparently sufficient, in his judgment, to secure safe passage for persons who lacked the quality of personal attractiveness.—New York Times.